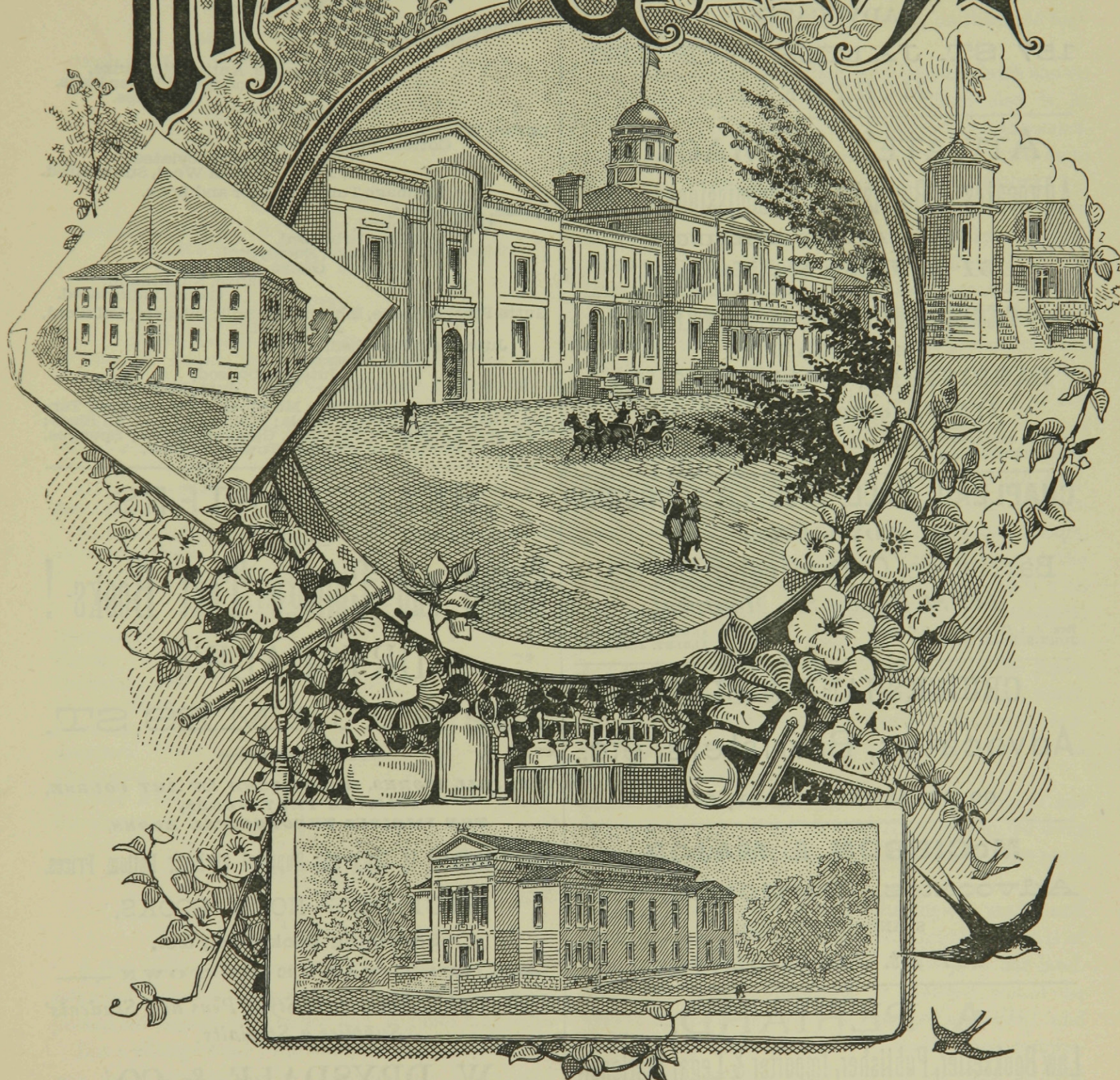


UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



1887-88

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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

VOL. XI.]

MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1888.

[No. 7.]

University Gazette.

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We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

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Editorials.

THE STUDY OF HEBREW.

A few years ago the study of this ancient language attracted little attention, and few students took up the prescribed course in Hebrew and cognate languages.

But a change came; the study of the English Bible was more systematically pursued, and there soon followed a revival of interest in the languages from which it was translated.

Many colleges have lately given more attention to the study of Hebrew and other Eastern languages, and

we, as loyal friends of McGill, ask if "our college" is to be left behind in this.

We believe that the time has come when Hebrew should be placed, in our University, on the same footing with Latin and Greek.

Is there beauty of diction, and literary finish shown in Greek and Latin writings? There also is in Hebrew. Is it important for a student to know something of Grecian and Roman history? Much more important to know something of Hebrew history.

Look at the state of the case at McGill. We have an endowed chair for the teaching of classics, a professor and an assistant professor, with two of the largest and finest class-rooms at their disposal.

We do not say that this department is too well provided for, but we do say that, in proportion, the Hebrew department is not well enough provided for.

Let any one wishing to see the true state of the case, climb the many stairs, and just under the roof he will find a small, ill-ventilated room, poorly lighted, the most unattractive class-room in the whole building. Perhaps he will have the good fortune to meet the genial and learned professor of this ancient language. Here, daily, he teaches as well as is possible, under the disadvantages noted above. Here, he daily meets with the students from the various affiliated theological colleges, those men who will soon occupy positions in our land as teachers of the religion found in the Bible. McGill has done much for the festive medical, much for the debating law student, much for the level headed engineer, but the serious, steady theologian has to be content with little.

Far be it from us to say that the University is not doing all it can for the chair of Hebrew, but we want to see the chair endowed, and a better class-room provided.

Some friend or friends of theological study and students, should endow this chair, this chair that is of such great benefit to the rising ministry of our land. Then our learned professor of Hebrew would be able to devote all his time to teaching at McGill, and the course in Hebrew might be made more comprehensive, and we would not fall behind other colleges in the study of a language, in which we find the laws that form the basis of our laws, the truths that lie at the center of our civilization, the revelation from God to man.

THE ARTS CONVERSAZIONE.

This year a new departure is being made in the Arts Faculty. Instead of the annual dinner, a *Conversazione* will be held under the auspices of the University. It is always a pity to see any institution connected with college life, which is of long standing and good in itself, go down; but if the dinner can be merged into something better, the pity will seem less and besides, the new circumstances in which the Arts Faculty finds itself placed this year will be more fully met. Up till now, the distinction between the classes has been rightly and religiously kept, and we cannot see any harm if, on the eve of graduating, it is shown that they are bound by a common tie to their common mother. At present it is a new venture, and if it succeed, there is no reason why, in future years, the men of the Faculty should not have their dinner as usual, and a graduating *Conversazione* at the end of the session, corresponding to the commencement of American Colleges, and replacing the graduating dinner.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We are glad to learn that the articles lately published in the *GAZETTE*, on Daniel Defoe, have met a cordial welcome, at the hands of a college professor in Alabama, U.S. They have been read to the class in English Literature, by the professor, not only as models of English Composition, but also as able critiques on the great agitator of a by-gone day.

Poetry.

IN THE WEIRD AND WAN NOVEMBER.

In the weird and wan November,
Neither dusk of night nor dawn.
From my sleepless couch and restless
By a force compellant drawn
To the shadeless casement gleaming
Leaden grey against the gloom,
And the outer darkness, turning
From the silence of my room.

White and cold the earth lay shrouded
In her virgin robe of snow,
Moon nor star its vigil keeping
O'er her sleep with tender glow,
But a misty solemn stillness
In the silent circling air,
Holding all the voiceless fervor
Of a deep unuttered prayer.

Bare of leaf and bloom the maple
Shot her boughs like rigid arms,
Taking ever in my fancy
Strange fantastic, ghostly forms;
And the houses, grim and formal,
In the street's unbroken line,
Barred and curtained, to my scanning
Answered not with sound or sign.

Only from one window glimmered
On the night a pallid ray,
Where, perchance, some lonely watcher
Prayed and waited for the day.
And far off; I cannot see it
For the gloom; but in the West,
Well I know the kingly beauty
Of Mount Royal's pine-crowned crest.

Thus I gazed, my soul demanding
What should life yet hold for me
Of the good or seeming evil,
And beyond life's mystery.
Then returning, pressed my pillow,
Courting sleep, but vain the quest;
For beside me, in my bosom,
Lay the angel of unrest.

Psychologically solveless,
Should I grasp the How and Why,
Holden back from Science finger
And her bright imperial eye.
Unrevealed of Faith or Reason:
What avail if I should cry
Dumbly to the soulless midnight—
Can it alter destiny?

As I lay, my senses quickened,
To a night long vanished turned,
And once more my heart within me
O'er the page poetic burned.
And my pulses throbbed and bounded
With a shrill ecstatic wild,
O'er the doom of Connaught Moran
And O'Connor's hapless child.*

And again I heard the night winds
Mourning over Fion Gall,
And the bride's long shriek of anguish
As she saw her hero fall.
Saw her flee the house of horror
For her buried warrior's tomb,
And the "Flow'r of love lies bleeding"
From his dust in beauty bloom.

Other fancies of the poets
Long forgotten thronging came,
Till the daylight broke reluctant,
With its cold prosaic claim.
In the street the din of traffic
And the rush of hurrying feet,
And within the household's turmoil,
For the vision pure and sweet.

Yet not wholly lost, witholden
Only from the coarser light,
By my side I feel thee linger
Lovely phantom of the night.
Strong as surging billows breaking
On Eternity's wild shore.†
Fair as mists that from her headlands
Softly roll when dark is o'er.

And for all the gold of Ophir
Not would I one pang forego,
Of the poet's sacred rapture
Grosser minds can never know.
God I thank Thee for the anguish
Of the birth-pang of the soul;
If the travail come with sorrow,
Yet the joy shall make me whole.

EROL GERVASE.

* "O'Connor's Child," by Thomas Campbell. Author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, etc.

† Cape Eternity. A rocky promontory on the Saguenay River, Prov. Quebec.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIHIL V. ERIUS.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Mr. Tilton remained silent, but was evidently struggling with some terrible thought. His face blanched, and the blood left his compressed lips, while his brows gathered above his eyes until they were shadowed. When first he spoke it was to himself, and the listeners caught the words indistinctly. They were something about "my brother," and "the memory of the dead;" but when next he spoke his voice was firm, though intensely sorrowful—

"No, I'll not deny that signature," he said. "'Tis there, and I'll stand by it; but"—and here his voice broke again—"God help my family, the lass that played at my knee, * * * and—and the lass that faced the world with me, and bested it, till now. Oh! brother, brother, did ye know what ye did when ye did me this evil!"

"My son! where is Bolton?" he broke out, turning and facing the lawyers. "Where is he that he leaves my shoulders to break under this burden?"

There was no reply. No one could find it in his heart to add one jot to the old man's sorrow, and tell him that Bolton was away carousing with some boon companions.

Mr. Tilton would not turn from the subject.

"You, Forbes, where is my son? Why is he not here to face ruin with me?"

Once more he lost control of himself, and shouted for the absent one in a way that sent a thrill of horror through his listeners.

In the midst of this paroxysm Lizzie rushed into the room and clung to his arms.

"Father, father," she cried, "will I not do instead of Bolton? What is it you want of him?"

Mr. Tilton sat down, trembling, in his chair, and drew his daughter to him, who knelt at his side as he stroked her glossy hair.

"Where is Bolton, lassie?"

Lizzie's face blanched.

"He is with Jim, father," she answered, softly.

"Ah!"

What a world of expression there was in that little word. It indicated full comprehension. The name of a companion is the fame of a man, and Jim's name was sufficient warranty of Bolton's condition.

Peter stepped up to Mr. Tilton—

"Bolton is not here," he said, "but I am soon to be your son. Let me take his place."

Such a look of love and gratitude as he got from Lizzie!

Mr. Forbes, who had been inclined to praise his act, deemed it most extravagantly paid, and said nothing.

"Ay, lad," said Mr. Tilton, "you will see that Liz. does not suffer, anyway, and as for her mother and me, we have little time left to suffer in. But come," he added, turning towards the others, "I have kept you gentlemen too long on a disagreeable task. What do you want me to do?"

But why dwell upon the misery of an old man who has lost his all? Rest assured that he was not spared on account of his family or his age, and a few weeks after his property passed under the hammer, and he and his were houseless, except we call a house the miserable hovel that was secured for the family out of the surplus from the sale of the farm after the debt was paid.

Before this Peter had returned to college, for the examinations were at hand. Bolton had not returned when Peter left, and Mr. Forbes undertook the care of the family.

Mr. Tilton had received a shock from which he could never recover, and every day grew more and more enfeebled in mind and body. Mrs. Tilton, like

a true woman, set herself vigorously about to make the best of her circumstances; and, assisted by Lizzie, actually introduced some comfort into the new home. Mr. Forbes made some of the most wonderful purchases ever made by man in the city. He bought—or said he bought—articles of food and attire for the family at what must have been ninety per cent. under their value. He was indefatigable, too, in endeavoring to lighten the burden of Mr. Tilton's trial. Every night he would take his violin to the little cabin, and a fifty thousand dollar house in the city never rang to so sweet music as was heard through the open windows of the Tilton home—for the winter was passing into summer by this time, and the windows could be opened.

Peter dropped into Prankville at rarer intervals. He was attending the summer session, he said, and could not well leave college. His manner towards Lizzie was as courteous as ever, but she thought she detected a rift within the lute, and sometimes wept, in his absence, at the change. When he did come to the village he was not so kindly received as he had formerly been. There was a hauteur about him that annoyed his old companions, and while he did not openly scorn their manners and customs, he no longer entered into the country amusements with the same zest as he had done of yore. On the whole, he was rapidly becoming citified.

One thing surprised him. Mr. Forbes no longer interested himself in him. He never wrote to Peter now, and when the latter came to Prankville, Forbes no longer sought him out, but actually avoided him. When the two did chance to meet, Mr. Forbes was almost certain to advert in some way, and unfavorably, to the effect the city was having upon Peter. This was not so noticeable in company as in private, and never took place when Lizzie was present. As Peter's visits that summer did not number more than half-a-dozen, and as his stay was never over a week in length, there was little change caused by his visits. He was more thoughtful, and was inclined sometimes to get annoyed at Lizzie's innocent country ways, until, at the end of the summer, the two felt that a barrier had arisen between them, one that as yet both heartily desired to have removed.

CHAPTER VI.

"'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

In the meantime, what had been going on where the two angels of day—Dusk and Dawn—dwelt? For part of the summer, of course, they had been out of town at one of the quiet watering-places in the neighborhood of the city. Ste. Rose is well enough known now to need little description, but at the time of this story it was, indeed, *terra incognita*. Its hotels were—and still are—miserable, but Mrs. James,* like the

* Erroneously printed "Brown" in last number.

wise woman she was always, took a house, and the family enjoyed all the comforts of a home. Mr. James and Charley came out every evening, and many were the expeditions made, after an early tea, among the many islands that have gained for the stream its name—Thousand Island River. Not seldom Peter was one of the party, and under the influence of this aristocratic family he found himself cutting loose from his country manners, and despising those who clung to them. Even to visit Lizzie was, after seeing the “Twilight,” a disappointment for him sometimes, and his visits, as has been said, grew fewer.

It was a delicious evening in June when he paid his first visit to the country home of his friends. There was no long-lane, or shadow-nursing grove, to wander through, and no soft-eyed maiden met him at the well. But as there was a glamor over common-places a year since, so now there was an enchantment in the very air—an enchantment of which he did not yet fully realize the strength. Edith came running down the path to meet her father, her eyes sparkling with delight. She shook hands with Peter with indifference, and turned again to her father, to whom she gave all her attention. Peter’s heart leapt when first he saw her, and her indifference, while it caused him a pang, could not entirely destroy his pleasure at the meeting. He thought of Lizzie, and compared her again with Edith, and the comparison was no longer so favorable for the country lassie. Yet he still loved Lizzie, or thought he did, but with this difference now—that she was no longer perfection in his eyes. When a savage has acknowledged that there is a God greater than his god, the missionary’s work is almost accomplished.

In the evening Charley and Peter took the girls for a boat-ride. As they set out the sun was sinking, and every ripple among the reeds at the ends of the islands was a ring of ruby and gold. The party were in two boats—Peter and Edith in one, and Alice and Charley in the other—and the boats kept together for most of the time at first. They rowed far up the stream, and the moon was well up when they turned to row home. As they did so the girls began to sing, and Charley and Peter joined in, until the soft notes of the four voices filled the evening air with melody. Once more Peter was in a dangerous situation. Keenly alive to external influences, his spirit was ready to betray itself. His strokes grew languid, and the two boats drew apart, until an island intervened.

“Let us float,” said Edith, and Peter drew in the oars, and the boat slowly drifted down the silvery lane of moonbeams.

“I never hear you talk now of Lizzie,” said Edith.

“She is well,” replied Peter.

“Do you know,” said his companion, “I sometimes think that you were wrong to leave her, and go to college. You will never be the same again. Or you were wrong to tie yourself to a country girl when you knew your ambitions led you to the city and its life.”

“I am not tied to her,” said Peter, somewhat eagerly.

“Not actually; but morally you are. And now that she is unhappy, you are doubly bound to her.”

Peter was silent. He could not gainsay Edith’s

words. Indeed, by this time he regarded her as infallible, and would have believed her even against his own judgment.

Still the boat floated on.

(To be continued.)

CHEIROSOPHY.

No report of the proceedings in the Donalds Department of McGill would be complete, were we to pass over in silence the pursuit which has kindled the interest of Seniors and Freshmen, Juniors and Sophomores alike, during the past session. The barriers existing between Undergraduates and Occasionals have been likewise broken down, and between the lectures eager groups are found occupying the corners of the halls, not now, as formerly, engaged in discussing themes of varied import, but all alike intent upon a study which has never been inscribed in the calendar, and which seems a unique topic to occupy the sober minds of university students.

It is on some such ground as this that our Editor has asked me to contribute an article, upon what is commonly called “Palmistry,” to these columns. In complying with her request, I know that I am entering upon a subject difficult to *handle*, that meets with the disapproval of many as being a remnant of mediæval superstition, fostered—as states the *Dictionnaire du XIX^e Siècle*—by men whom we would call charlatans, were we not persuaded that they have been trying to make a foolish witticism, rather than been guilty of a shameful speculation.”

And I also find that the field here opening before me has so many aspects, that I know not which to choose, nor how to treat it, when chosen, so that it may come within the limits of a short paper, such as this is intended to be. To trace the rise in perfection of the hand in proportion to the progressive ascent visible from the lower animals to man; to dwell upon its physiology; to point out its importance in every action of our daily life; to show its intimate connection with our thoughts, and how it illustrates by gesture as constantly as the tongue by words, the feelings we wish to express; to follow out the line of arrangement that has worked so strongly upon myself, (and I think I may add, upon several of the other students) as proving that the hand in its general structure and peculiar markings, may be taken as characteristic of the individual—these are but a few of the many thoughts that suggest themselves almost instantaneously, on turning to treat of what Aristotle has termed “the organ of organs.”

But in spite of the prejudice (in all respect I so term it), held by the wisest of our day, I venture to obtrude this subject upon the attention of the readers of the GAZETTE, feeling that it is but the part of a journal such as we hope ours aspires to be, to give the consideration due to a matter which is now, through the agency of several rather able men, being brought before the public almost in the light of a science, not allowing it to be condemned unheard as superstitious folly, until something of the other side of the question has been shown to those about to form an opinion upon it.

As to the difficulty in regard to limited space which presents itself, I will endeavour to avoid the possibility of too long trespassing upon the available time of my readers, by passing over all the above-mentioned points, only referring those interested to Heron Allen's "Manual of Cheirosophy," and also to his charming little work, "Practical Cheirosophy," which latter has been my chief authority in the very slight knowledge I have gained upon the subject, and will confine myself to the Divination of Character by the Practical Rules of Cheirosophy, a theme by which I think all, however prejudiced, must be irresistibly attracted,—for are we not all desirous of solving those two most difficult problems that life presents, ourselves and each other?

The Science of Cheirosophy, then, as portrayed by Heron Allen, Capitaine D'Arpentigny, M. Desbarolles, and others, is a survival of the ancient Palmistry, or rather is an outcome of it, springing from it, as did Chemistry from Alchemy, Astronomy from Astrology, and Craniology from Metoposcopy. It divides itself naturally into two branches, one comparatively modern, and the other dating far back among the distant centuries, these branches are *Cheirognomy*, dealing with the shape of the hand, and *Cheiromancy*, relating to the more minute shades of characters to be depicted, revealing past or present events, which, as causes may have effected changes in the mental life and, consequently, in the hand, and even foreshadowing the more immediate future whose originating impulses may be already working in the mind. This latter branch is dependent upon the lines making the palms, said to be there present before birth, and upon the slight elevations, technically termed *monuts*, generally appearing directly beneath the fingers and thumb; it requires more skill in interpretation than does Cheirognomy, but this latter may, perhaps, be considered more interesting, as being less liable to be worked upon by chance, and being supported by Heron Allen and his *confrères* with even stronger arguments than is the more far-fetched and less reasonable Cheiromancy.

That there is, between the hands of different people, a characteristic difference, few will deny. In the first great natural distinction between men, that of race, a strongly-marked contrast is at once noted in the hands of members of different nationalities. Take for example, the hand of the negro as compared with that of the Scotchman. Notice the size and shape, length of the fingers, etc., and the conclusion will soon be reached, that there are, here present, fewer points of resemblance than of contrast. Coming down now to sex, the same thing is noticeable. A man's hand is always, or nearly always, easily to be distinguished from a woman's (except in the effeminate character, where the hand likewise will be effeminate), not alone by its size, but by its texture, by its joints, by its less sensitive appearance—to use a somewhat indefinite term, and by many other features. That, between the hands of individuals, there is also much dissimilarity, anyone endowed with ordinary powers of perception will allow, while the more consideration one gives to this point, the more interesting and striking do these diversities become, until a careful observation teaches

that no two hands, as no two minds, are cast in exactly the same mould.

Hands have been arranged, according to the latest and best classification, in seven leading types, six of which are as follows:—Elementary, Spatulate, Conic, Square, Philosophic, and Pointed, cited in the order of their relative mental importance—the Elementary denoting the lowest grade of intelligence, and being seldom found in the pure state in latitudes such as ours, though some of its distinguishing characteristics often appear in combination with those of some other type, modifying the powers of the subject; and the Pointed, or Psychic, implying the highest degree of idealism, impulsiveness, and one might almost add, of inspiration itself, so truly does an innate sense of right guide this impulsiveness to a good issue.

The seventh class, the mixed or Hybrid Hand (an instance of which has been given above, in the statement that the Elementary often appears in combination with other types) is more frequently met with than any of the others, being present generally in conjunction with a mind which has not a very strong degree of individuality, and therefore in the vast majority which makes up the average of mankind. It represents the union of the characteristics of any two or more of the leading types. And here it may be

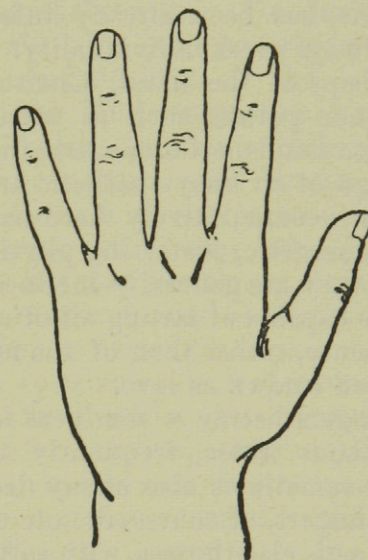


FIG. I.—SPATULATE.

interesting to remark that among the many hands of this class that have come under notice among the college students (of the Donalda Department), the predominating mixture has been that of Spatulate (see Fig. I.), and Conic (see Fig. II.), the former giving conventionality, energy, self-reliance, and good working ability, while the latter adds to these, artistic feelings and perceptions, love of the beautiful, enthusiasm and selfishness. The blending of the types here, as always, causes a modification of the qualities indicated, corresponding to the degree in which they are relatively associated; the element of conventionality here especially lessening the strength of the artistic attributes of the Conic hand, which, when unmodified, often give evidence of a nature that elicits merited though generally unsought, admiration—unsought, when, as is often the case, the selfishness here inherent, is elevated into mere self-sufficiency.

Of the kind of hand defined by Heron Allen as

the cleverest that exists—square topped fingers, with large upper joints, a well-developed thumb and palm—two instances have been found among the lady undergraduates, the possessors of which have well proved the truth of cheirognomy, by having on all occasions

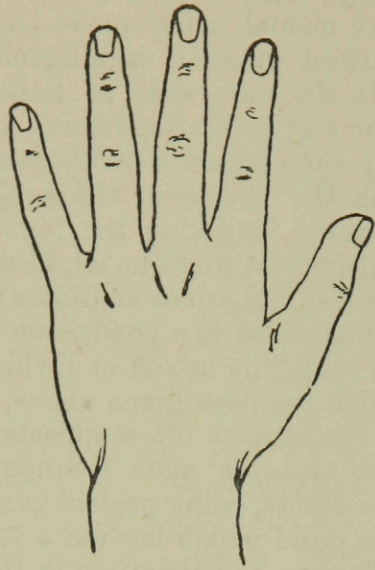


FIG. II.—CONIC.

shown themselves deserving of being ranked among the brightest of shining lights of the Donalda department. As has been already inferred, a pure type of hand always gives individuality.

Beside the shape of the hand, Cheirognomy deals with many minor points, such as texture, size, etc. Thus, very white hands, seldom changing colour, are an unfailing sign of an unsympathetic and egotistical nature. Again, comparatively hard-handed people are active and energetic, preferring physical to mental labour; hence they are generally inclined to be superstitious, and are capable of lasting affection, friendship in its deepest sense, rather than of the more romantic and ideal passion known as love.

Very long fingers betray a fondness for detail and a carefulness about trifles, frequently amounting to frivolity; they sometimes also betray deceit and cowardice. Stout fingers, of course, denote the reverse of these qualities, as is also the case with soft as compared with hard hands. It is only the medium-sized hand that can comprehend both the mass and the details of a subject, and that is the surest indication of a well-balanced mind.

Fingers showing a tendency to turn back, give cleverness, generosity, and inquisitiveness. This latter quality is also shown by the twisting of the fingers, so as to exhibit chinks between them, though, perhaps, it might be more aptly termed curiosity, and sometimes merely an excess of sympathy. Thickness at the base denotes luxury, often carried into sensuality. Sensitiveness is shown by little fleshy protuberances on the finger tips, also, in many cases, by criss-crossing lines.

"Short, broad nails show fidgetiness and a meddling disposition, criticism and pugnacity, a love of domination and control, and generally quickness of intellect and perspicuity. In a hand otherwise good, they denote merely a spirit of sarcasm and good-humored irony. Long nails, of course, give the reverse of these qualities, but, when very long and curved, betray cruelty."

Fingers are either smooth or knotty—that is, they either have their joints highly developed, or they have not. Smooth, they give impulsiveness and tact, rather than practical common sense and good taste, which are the attributes of knotty fingers; these latter also always show a tendency to order and arrangement; if the upper joint be developed to a greater extent than the lower, this order applies to things mental; if the lower alone, merely to things material.

The thumb is worthy of special notice, being, from the cheirognomists' point of view, the most important part of the hand. It is divided into three parts—the upper phalanx, of will; the lower, of logic; and the root, or *monut* of Venus. These are discussed at some length by Heron Allen in his "Manual of Cheirosophy," but space will not permit of anything more than the bare mention of them here. Suffice it to say, that a long, large thumb shows individuality and a good intellect. A short, the reverse. A clever hand must always have a good thumb, unless some other points are very specially developed.

I seem to have said very little about Cheirognomy, but yet I must leave it to take a glance, if only a momentary one, at the second branch of Cheirosophy, that dealing with the markings of the palms. The three lines which are present in almost every hand,

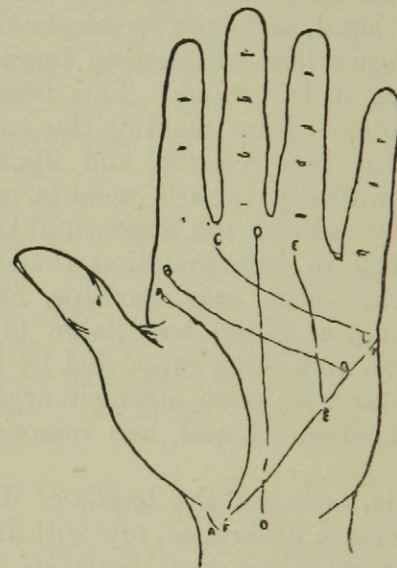


FIG. III.—SHOWING LINES.

and which even the least experienced can discern, are the *Line of Life*, encircling the above-mentioned monut of Venus (A—A, Fig. III), the *Line of the Head*, beginning near that of Life, under the first finger, and stopping under the third (B—B, Fig. III), and *Line of the Heart*, extending from between the first and second fingers, right across the hand (C—C, Fig. III). The more clearly and fully these lines are defined and developed, the stronger will be the qualities ascribed to them. Thus, a long, well-coloured line of the heart shows depth of affection. Again, if the head line be long, straight, well-coloured and clear, it denotes good will-power and intellect; but, if it be very thin and very long, these qualities become accentuated and exaggerated into treachery and avarice. Forked at the end, it is a sure sign of deceit. Other lines, as those of Fortune (D—D, Fig. III), Apollo (E—E, Fig. III), and Health (F—F, Fig. III),

are not important in divination of character, but are much used in fortune-telling, with which at present we are not concerned.

The monuts, of which a bare mention has already been made, require more skill in interpretation than do the lines. Their comparative development or non-development indicates certain qualities or the lack of them, according to the finger under which they should, or do occur. The difficulty in interpreting arises from the fact, that often a mount will not be directly under one finger, but will be displaced towards the next, so uniting the attributes of the two. It is the part of the Cheiromancist to reconcile the opposing qualities, thus indicated, in such a manner as to arrive at a correct estimate of the character of the individual in question. And, indeed, all through Cheirosophy, as in Physiognomy and Phrenology, opposing characteristics and the extent to which they may modify each other, must be taken into account.

Still, the power of forming a right estimate of one's intimates, and of measuring people at their true worth, is one which more than merits the very slight trouble necessary to its acquirement, already, indeed, more than repaid by the interest accruing from the study from its very outset. But it is not only in judging the rest of mankind that Cheirosophy is valuable. More helpful far is it in its application to that particular mind, which it is the peculiar duty of each one of us to keep in order; I mean our own. If this science be founded on reason and can be proved to be in accordance with the laws of nature, we have here a talisman to reveal to us the strangeness, and to solve to us the riddles of our contradictory and most unmanageable selves. To know oneself is the first step towards bettering one's self; and here is a short cut to a knowledge, otherwise gained only through long experience. Here is the "giftie" given us, by which we may see ourselves as others see us. Here is the sign-post pointing to the path in which kind nature meant us to excel, and by following which we can make the best use of the talents given us.

Find out your faults, says Ruskin, as far as you are able to discern them, and then try to correct them—and in these words follows up the advice of the poet,

"Yes, know thyself, in great concerns, in small,
Be this thy care, for this, my friend, is all."

In closing, I would say as to the truth of cheirosophy, that I have neither time nor space here to put forward arguments in its favour, but that, as to myself and my own belief in it, so numerous and so striking have been my experiences, as regards the agreement between the features of the hand, and those of the character of the subject, that it passes, to my mind, far beyond the limits of coincidence, and convinces me that even should the Physiologists be able clearly to demonstrate that Cheirosophy is an impossibility and an absurdity, I should still believe in it, only placing it then among those things which are as yet beyond explanation or comprehension, but which are, nevertheless, felt by us to be as true and as real as are the more visible and material objects surrounding us.

SOPHIE MORE.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.—(Continued.)

On examining the internal evidence of the Bacon-Shakespeare question, the careful enquirer finds a field still more unlimited and accessible than that which he encounters in external evidence. In the plays attributed to Shakespeare are found opinions in regard to science and philosophy, which Bacon alone, among all his contemporaries, was known to have promulgated; thoughts, indeed, in advance of his time, on the most abstruse doctrines and scientific calculations, are found in the greatest copiousness throughout these plays.

To elucidate, by means of a few examples, this coincidence of opinion and parallelism of expression:—In his scientific works, Bacon mentions the theory that the sun is a mass of fire—a similar remark is found in "Hamlet." The idea that "one heat another heat expels," is to be found not only in Bacon's scientific works, but also in several passages in the plays.

The philosopher's opposition to the academic system, his aversion to the adoption of French dress, to duelling, to the then almost universal habit of painting the face—all these, and countless other theories of a similar nature, find their expression in those plays attributed to Shakespeare. On further examining the plays, to elicit the legal knowledge of the author, we find the technicalities of the law courts mentioned with the most suggestive exactness. The method with which the writer deals with descent-in-law, fines and recovery, land tenure, misprision for treason, etc., forms a powerful evidence in favor of Bacon, the young practitioner from Gray's Inn.

In order to indicate clearly the striking connection between the circumstances of Bacon's life and the events recorded in the plays, it may be well to cite a few instances in which this is prominent:—In 1610 a colonizing fleet, under Sir Walter Raleigh and others, set sail for Virginia, encountered severe storms, and was finally wrecked on the shores of the Bermuda Islands. Among those engaged in the enterprise was young Lord Bacon. A year after the occurrence the "Tempest" appeared, with its plot founded on the shipwreck, and with references in it concerning the "Still vexed Bermoothes." Further, about the time that Bacon was driven to Gray's Inn to earn a living, his brother Anthony left for Italy. Francis became involved in heavy debts, was besieged by duns and brokers, and complains bitterly in one of his letters of a "hard Jew," whose continued impositions made Bacon's life almost unbearable. Finally, however, through the generosity of his brother Anthony, who had now returned from Italy, his embarrassment was relieved. Soon after this event the "Merchant of Venice" appeared, recounting the precise tale as given above, and relating Bacon's personal experience with a Shylock and an Antonio.

Thus have Baconians traced the philosopher's life through many of the plays, showing, often with the most positive proof, the very apparent influence of Bacon's fortunes on the production of the plays.

In conclusion, it might not be amiss to make a passing notice of the Cipher Theory of Ignatius Don-

nelly, concerning which the Baconians, however much they may rejoice at the result, yet, as Mrs. Potts remarks, "they receive it merely as a gratifying confirmation of a fact which has been by other means so fully established." The folio of 1623 was published with the utmost care, and practically regardless of expense, so that any peculiarities on its pages could hardly have been due to the carelessness of the compositors, the work having been delivered into the best hands. In spite of this fact, there appear in this volume many irregular pagings, superfluous bracketings, and meaningless italicizings. To detail in regard to this would be to deal with the ciphers, as many others have already done, in following Mr. Donnelly's general plans. The result cannot be truly computed before the work is published, when we will, doubtless, find the cipher theory in all its detail. Whatever the outcome of deciphering a secret history may be, the Bacon-Shakespeare question remains unchanged. The cipher is unnecessary as a *proof*, though it might be a significant aid.

Says a strong advocate of the Baconian authorship: "The mind that wrote the plays of 'Shakespeare' was a mighty mind; but it was broadened and deepened, nurtured and cultured, by the learning and experience of ages. These plays tell of more than mere genius; they tell of earnest study, patient investigation, of a genius that availed itself of all the concentrated resources of time."

On examining into the circumstances of the greatest poets of England, we find that their rank and celebrity were obtained from no other sources than those of undisturbed meditation and vast experience. Yet no such argument can be adduced in favor of Shakespeare!

GLEANINGS.

Sometime offences against good taste will be looked on as offences against good morals. Three such violations are before the eyes of any one who walks through the College grounds. On the hill an attempt—creditable enough as such—has been made at a tower of Babel; the out-buildings of a tenement-house have been projected against the east side, and in the grounds the gaunt poles and wires have obtained an entrance.

* *

Our own Anthony Comstock has been in the Library. As a curious instance of that strange mental condition that has an eye only for nastiness, let one but notice how a fine series of engravings has been mutilated by some self-constituted Art critic.

* *

It is a sad case, when one comes to think that there is no good extant, no art which is not false, and no literature which is not hollow—a condition common enough in young people of some seriousness, whose complainings find vent under the heading of "Our own Correspondent" in some periodical that aims to be broad. We have our own Montreal Letters to the *Week* as a notable instance.

Some weeks ago we gave some definitions of poetry. Here is a definition of a poet:—"To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern, that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel, that discernment is but a hand playing with finely ordered variety on the chords of emotion, a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge."

* *

"During the last thirty years we have ceased to be English. Formerly, swindling was not our method in trade, nor was advertising a necessity." These are some words of Ruskin's on the "Present Discontent." It has long been a question whether or not England would run her course, like other nations of equal promise. These have left behind, at least, "an undying name," which will not be left to England if her light goes out under such circumstances as Ruskin indicates.

* *

A Scotch writer discusses, with a show of reason, whether a thing can be believed which is not true any more than that can be eaten which is not food, and he urges, that to force upon one a belief which every faculty he possesses characterizes as false, is to make of faith not a loving thing, but a ruffian bullying the intelligence into receiving what it never can accept.

* *

Wit takes of the nature of reasoning; humor, when allied most closely with the *sympathetic* emotions, passes into poetry. Practical jokes often have humor, but it is not associated with sympathy. To a savage there is something humorous in the idea of "boiling oil and melted lead." Can it be that the tendency to the good and the beautiful is so great, that from so cruel a parentage could spring that strange combination of fun and philosophy, fancy and feeling, which constitute modern humor? Wit is sharp and cold, unless tempered by humor; and humor in itself, from its very exuberance, may become wearisome, unless toned down by wit, the enemy of all monotony and lengthiness.

McGill News.

Dr. MacDonnell has procured for the Dissecting Room a set of beautiful French models.

The date of the Arts Conversazione is fixed for Monday, 6th February. Graduates are invited.

In future, students in the Normal School will pursue the first two years of their course in the Arts Faculty.

New seating has been provided for No. 1 class room. We think the old chairs have stood it remarkably well.

A drinking font (?) has been placed in the main building, for the nourishment and refreshment of students.

The Corporation at its last meeting granted the degree of LL.D. to Principal Anderson, Prince of

Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and to Chancellor Heneker, of Lennoxville.

We never before realized how fearfully and wonderfully the human frame is constructed, not even in our Anatomy exams., until we studied the illustrations appended to Cheirosophy. Surely Sophie More is wrong? or were they taken from life?

Saturday night the class in Mathematics held a seance in the observatory. Next year a special eclipse will be provided for the "special course." Ursus Major was unusually bright, and with exception of a certain amount of levity, indulged in under the cover of darkness, a very profitable evening was spent.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

We regret that several typographical errors crept into Feathers from East Wing in last issue.

In the Delta Sigma Society the programme of meetings is as follows:—

- Jan. 26.—Debate—"Dress Reform."
- Feb. 2.— " —"Cremation."
- " 16 —Essays.
- March 1.—Debate.
- " 11.—Essays.

To the majority of our students, the avenue that leads up from the College gates, although undoubtedly the coldest, is by no means the longest section of the daily route from home to the doors of the East Wing. It is true that when the last lecture is over, we stroll towards our respective dwellings in groups of twos or threes—school-girl fashion; but there are many among us to whom a solitary twenty or thirty minutes' walk is a necessity, at least once a day.

Now, it is a fact, proved by experience, that our undergraduates, if faithful in the task they have undertaken, find little or no time for thought, apart from their studies. Their life is a round of "lessons, lunch, and lectures," not to speak of domestic and social duties, from which few are free.

The question suggests itself—Cannot the mental leisure thus enforced be utilized, and devoted to the careful consideration of some subject, selected by each one according to her fancy? The very effort of training the mind to think systematically would be of incalculable value, in promoting a clear habit of expression in conversation, or in examinations.

The topics which might be suggested are unlimited. There are few students, if any, who have a better opportunity of observing "Nature in all her loveliness" than those of McGill. The rich tints of early autumn; the weird, indescribable "atmosphere" of Indian summer; the crystal-clad foliage and cloudless sky of winter!—these alone would afford mental food for thousands.

The world is full of wonderful and beautiful thoughts, and, withal, life is so short. Should we send a daily half-hour unaccounted for into the Great Forever?

IT'S NO GOOD TO CRY OVER SPILT MILK!"

A peasant, of the true French breed,
Was driving on a narrow road
A cart, with but one sorry steed,
And filled with onions, savoury load!
Careless he trudged along before,
Singing a Gascon roundelay—
Hard by there ran a whimpering brook,
The road ran shelving towards the brim,
The spiteful wind advantage took,
The wheel flies up, the onions swim—
The peasant sees his favorite store
At one rude blast all puffed away.

How would an English clown have sworn,
To hear them plump and see them roll,
Have curs'd the hour that he was born,
And for an onion risk'd his soul!
Our Frenchman acted quite as well;
He stopp'd—and hardly stopp'd—his song;
First raised his Bidet from his swoon,
Then stood a little while to view
His onions bobbing up and down;
At last he, shrugging, cried "Parbleu,
Il ne manque ici que de sel,
Pour faire de potage excellent."

QUEVEDO.

Societies.

The Undergraduates' Literary Society held its usual meeting on Friday. After a generous and well-rendered programme, the question was discussed: "Can arbitration be applied to all International disputes?" Both sides were supported with characteristic energy, and it was decided that the method is quite applicable. Davidson's speech and Truell's criticism were the hits of the evening. The new constitution was submitted in part, and approved of.

We regret the necessity of severely taking to task some of the members of our college Y.M.C.A. Fault is found that little or no news concerning the Y.M.C.A. appears in our columns.

We answer, that frequent attempts have been made by us to obtain items, from the officers of the said society, but beyond promises to send news, no result has rewarded our efforts.

To grumblers, all and sundry, we say, that our editorial labours are of such an onerous nature that we have no time to devote to the drudgery of reporting. So kindly collect and send in the news.

COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.

PROGRAMME OF SUNDAY AFTERNOON MEETINGS.

- Feb. 5.—"Temperance,"..... W. G. Stewart, B.A.
- " 12.—"Reports of Delegates to Convention."
- " 19.—"Missions,"..... Rev. Dr. Barbour.
- " 26.—"Excuses" (Luke 14, 8)..... D. J. Evans.

YOU ARE ESPECIALLY INVITED TO BE PRESENT.

These are exclusively students' meetings, and present a good chance for members of the different faculties to meet. Don't wait for further invitation, but *come*; you are always welcome. Meetings on Sunday are held in the city Y. M. C. A. rooms, Victoria square, from 4.30 to 5.15 p.m., promptly.

"Come with us and we will do thee good."

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The fourth regular meeting of this Society was held on December 17th. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President, Mr. R. P. Berry, '88, took the chair. The paper for the evening, "General Paralysis of the Insane," was read by Mr. Wetmore, '88. Mr. Hubbard exhibited a number of pathological specimens, and Mr. Hopkins reported an interesting case of Pyæmia.

At the fifth meeting, held on Saturday, January 21st, there was a small attendance on account of the storm. Those, however, who defied the elements, were well rewarded by listening to a very interesting paper, entitled "Some Antipyretics," by Mr. J. A. Creasor, '89. Under this heading, Mr. Creasor discussed some of the latest additions to the Pharmacopœia, which have not as yet found their way into the text books.

The Pathologist exhibited specimens illustrative of Pneumonia in its different stages, and Mr. McDougall, '88, reported a case of Diphtheria bristling with complications.

It was decided by a unanimous vote to put a list of the members of this Society in the Reading Room.

Sporting.

M.A.A.A. vs. MCGILL.

This, the second of the championship series in which McGill took a part, was played in the Crystal Rink, on Monday, the 23rd January.

The teams were as follows:—

M. A. A. A.		M'GILL.
Paton.	Goal.	J. S. Shanks.
Stewart.	Point.	W. J. Hamilton.
McNaughton.	Cover Point.	R. N. Walsh.
Virtue.	} Forwards.	T. N. Walsh.
Findlay.		M. F. Lucas, (Capt.)
Hodgson.		F. M. Fry.
Lowe.		W. L. Jamieson.

Referee, S. Stevenson; Umpires, C. H. Macnutt and Robertson. The puck was faced at 8.30. Immediately after the face, Montreal made a quick rush on the college goal. It was nobly checked, however, by the college defence, and the play became very quick and exciting. After a desperate struggle, a successful shot landed the puck between the McGill flags. This game was the longest of the match and was characterized by good hockey throughout. At the start of the second game, McGill rushed the puck up to the Montreal goal and made things rather lively there for a time. A few minutes afterwards, though, by a deliberate off-side, the Montrealers scored. Nothing further was taken up to half time.

The second half McGill defended the South end of the rink, and did it well. The play this half was a little more one-sided than the first, but still a very hard and exciting one. Two goals were secured by the Montrealers, and time was then rightly up. The referee, however, apparently did not wish to see such an interesting match stopped, and did not call time till another goal was obtained by Montreal—the time having expired by about four minutes. Goals 5 to 0 in favour of Montreal.

Our boys played a really good game, and have improved very much since their match with the Vics. They deserve great praise for the able and gentlemanly way in which they played. It was their misfortune, not their fault, that eight men were pitted against them, instead of the usual seven. It was certainly strange that such deliberate off-sides, on the part of Montreal, were allowed to go overlooked.

McGill's defence was especially noticeable, and great praise must be given to Shanks for the able manner in which he defended his citadel; "Billy" Hamilton, as point, played an excellent game, notwithstanding the fact that it was his first skate since the winter of '85-'86. He had the misfortune to lose one of his teeth.

The two Walshs and Lucas played a very good game, the latter being especially noticeable.

In conclusion, the wish may be expressed that McGill show as much improvement in their next match, as they have in this one. It would be well if our forwards followed up much faster and exhibited more team play.

HOCKEY.

FRESHMEN vs. SENIORS.

The Victorias recently defeated McGill, in the Victoria Rink, by 8 goals to 1. The match was between speed and science, on the one hand, and inexperience and "hard luck," but with an enormous amount of grit, on the other.

The following is the team:—

Shanks, goal; R. N. Walsh, point; Lucas, (capt.) cover-point; Fry, T. N. Walsh, Holden and Jamieson. Shanks played a most brilliant game in goal. R. N. Walsh did remarkably well, considering it was his first appearance as a player. Lucas did not exhibit that proficiency he attained last season, and seems to be in very poor condition. Fry scored the only goal for McGill, while Holden seemed to have great difficulty in preserving an equilibrium. We would advise him, and in fact, all the team, to practice the art of skating. The forwards seemed to be all bunched together, and did not keep their places the way their opponents did, thus interfering with one another, and losing many an opportunity of an effective "pass." The checking was very poor, and, as regards team play, there was none. In fact, every thing points to want of proper practice. The Victoria team have swift forwards, and a strong defence. Campbell, their point, seldom is brought to a stop, when once fairly started, until he has scored. McGill found this out after Campbell had placed four goals to his credit. Our boys, although losing heavily, played with lots of pluck. They have gained a whole season's experience by this one match, and only need a little time and practice to be good players.

Lately the city papers have been unjustly criticising the McGill Captain. They condemn his skating, when the fact of the case is that he is one of the fastest amateurs in Montreal. We are sorry to see this mauling and rough handling of persons and things, when it is undeserved.

Personals.

Dr. C. E. Cameron has instituted a course in domestic surgery, for the W.C.T.U.

Every student is glad to learn that Mr. Taylor will soon be back to his place in the library.

Berwick, Med. '90, has been called home by a sad bereavement. He has the sympathy of the GAZETTE and his fellow-students.

The GAZETTE has to congratulate MacArthur, Arts '87, upon his marriage. He has taken root in Granby, head of the high school and *presumably* of his home Arch., is the third of '87. Heigho! Next!

Rev. W. T. Currie, Arts '85, is now a missionary in West Central Africa. Latest advices from him state that he is exploring, preaching, practising medicine, etc., etc. He reports that slavery is the greatest curse of the country.

Mr. Walter H. Ferrier, who last spring graduated as B.A.Sc. in the mining course of McGill College, has recently been elected a Fellow of the Geological Society of London. Mr. Ferrier is at present continuing his studies in mineralogy and petrography at Heidelberg, Germany, under Prof. Rosenbusch, who is generally regarded as the greatest of living petrographers.

College News.

A gentleman who has been studying in Geneva, has kindly given us the following information concerning lady students in that city:—

"Lady students were admitted to the University of Geneva about eight years ago. Their numbers have increased marvellously of late, owing to the influx of foreigners who could not enjoy the same privileges at home. I here refer more particularly to the Russian and Polish students, the greater part of whom come from the middle or lower classes of society, many having had to leave their homes on account of political implications. The few Geneva ladies who still follow the course of studies at the University, look down with contempt on their foreign sisters.

The young ladies work in common with the men, both in the Laboratories and Lecture Hall, owing to want of accommodation. This will, however, not long be the case, as the number of male students is sensibly falling off, owing to this extraordinary privilege accorded them, (strange to say) against the wishes of nearly all parties therein concerned.

It is not an uncommon sight for a Russian student (female) to be found working away in the "Anatomie" with a lighted cigarette in her mouth. They speak usually three or more languages besides their own, associate very seldom with other students, and are not nearly as neat in their personal appearance, as other foreign students, or as our own.

On completion of their studies at Geneva, they usually find positions in the better French and German

families. I cannot recall any one instance of these young ladies attaining any specially high position or otherwise of having made a name for themselves in the educated world."

Between the Lectures.

We are glad to inform the ladies that the proof-reader of their department in our last issue, has, in conformity with their instructions, been slain.

The practice of whiling away the time immediately preceding lectures in the medical faculty, by hurling rubbers about is extremely reprehensible. Several accidents have already occurred owing to the not *overshoer* aim of some of the marksmen

The conversation in the reading room of the medical building during the lecture on Surgery is on an extremely low moral plane. The Committee must find more reading matter for the students than the *London Illustrated News* and that inexpressibly solemn journal, *Punch*. These perused, the recital of the *galantries* of various gentlemen is all that remains to the fatigued readers.

An obstreperous Irish lady made a good deal of trouble at the hospital the other day. She was ostensibly waiting for some mythical visitor in the wards, and the efforts of Edward to eject her were met with a torrent of profane recrimination. Two stern French Canadian policemen finally induced her to accompany them to the central station, and the polyglot conversation during the abduction afforded much amusement to the numerous students present.

A gentleman who has been studying the calender of our excellent school of medicine, hands us the following draft of a prospectus, which, he says, offers a more attractive programme of the daily routine.

"Lectures begin in the morning at nine o'clock and continue till noon. The roll is called on Mondays only, so that men have plenty of leisure. By taking the route to the Hospital *via* University and Dorchester streets, men will have the opportunity of sampling an excellent variety of whiskey, furnished expressly for students by Ryanrock & Co. of Lachine. Clinics at the hospital go on from one till three. Here there are several commodious smoking-rooms and a club-room known as the Dispensary, where students can while away the time, mashing the invalid chippies. From four till six, lectures are resumed at the college, and students have an opportunity of visiting the largest poker-parlour on the Continent. In the evening, men can repair to the handsome and well-ventilated smoking-room, when they may dissect if they wish.

[We wish to remark here, in case some idiot should take the above *au sérieux*, that, while there are one or two men in the faculty that follow out this programme pretty religiously, the medical students of McGill are, as a whole, the most hard-working and respectable class of men in the city.—ED. BETWEEN THE LECTURES.]

TUTORING.

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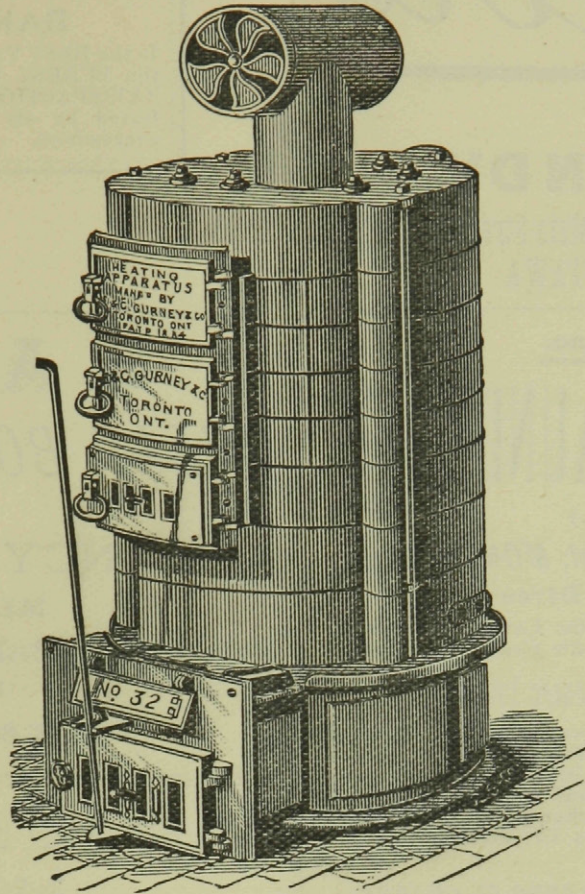
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